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AN
ESSAY.
ON
MAN.
IN

Four EPISTLES to a Friend.

Corrected by the AUTHOR.

The SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WITFORD, near the
Chapter-House, St. Paul's. M.DCC.XXXVI.

ESSAYS

ON
M. A. N.

IN
FOUR EPISTLES TO A FRIEND

BRITISH



MUSEUM

THE SEVEN IN EDITION



LONDON

Printed for J. WATSON, near the
Chapel of St. Paul, MDCCLXXVI



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respect to the UNIVERSE.

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A N
ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE! my *LELIUS*, leave all meaner Things
To low Ambition, and the Pride of Kings.
Let Us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*,
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
A Wild, where Weeds and Flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit.
Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield,
The latent Tracts, the giddy Heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or fightless soar;
Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*,
But vindicate the Ways of *God* to Man.

Say first, of *God* above, or *Man* below,
What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the *God* be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
Observe how System into System runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns?
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star?
May tell, why Heav'n made all Things as they are.

But

But of this Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro'? or can a Part contain the Whole?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

Presumptuous Man! the Reason wouldst thou find 35
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind;
First, if thou can'st, the harder Reason guess
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the Weeds they shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent Fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That Wisdom infinite must from the Best 45
Where all must *full*, or not *coherent* be,
And all that rises, rise in due *Degree*;

Then, in the Scale of Life and Sense, 'tis plain
There must be, *some where*, such a Rank as *Man*;
And all the Question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him *wrong*? 50

Respecting *Man* whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to *All*.

In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,
A thousand Movements scarce one Purpose gain;
In God's, one single can, *its End* produce, 55
Yet serves to second too some *other Use*.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some Shere unknown,
Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Gole;
'Tis but a Part we see, and not a Whole. 60

When the proud Steed shall know, why Man restrains
His fiery Course, or drives him o'er the Plains;
When the dull Ox why now he breaks the Clod,
Now wears a Garland, an *Aegyptian* God;
Then shall Man's Pride and Dullness comprehend 65
His Actions, Passions, Beings, Use and End;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd, and why
This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity?

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought; 70

I. Epist. I. E S S A Y o n M A N .

9

His Being measur'd to his State, and Place,
His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

Heav'n from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page, prescrib'd, their *present State*,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know, 75
Or who could suffer Being here below?

The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy *Reason*, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'r'y Food,
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood. 80

Oh Blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal Eye, as God of *All*,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into Ruin hurl'd, 85
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World?

Hope humbly then; with trembling Pinions soar;
Wait the great Teacher, Death and God adore?
What future Bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy Blessing now. 90

Hope springs eternal in the human Breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest;
The Soul uneasy and confin'd at home,
Rests, and expatiates, in a Life to come.

Lo! the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd Mind 95
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind;
His Soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way,
Yet simple Nature to his Hope has giv'n

Behind the cloud-topt Hill an humbler Heav'n, 100
Some safer World in depth of Woods embrac'd,
Some happier Island in the watry Waste;

Where Slaves once more their native Land behold,
No Fiends Torment, no Christians thirst for Gold.
To *be*, contents his natural Desire, 105

He asks no Angel's Wing, or Seraph's Fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog shall bear him Company,
Go, wiser Thou! and in thy Scale of Sense
Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*: 110

Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;

Destroy

Destroy all Creatures for thy Sport or Gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If Man alone, engrosses not Heav'n's high Care, 115
 Alone, made perfect here, immortal there :
 Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod,
 Re-judge his Justice, Be the GOD of GOD !

In reas'ning *Pride* (my Friend) our Error lies :
 All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies. 120
Pride still is aiming at the blest Abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws 125
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what End the heavenly Bodies shine ?
 Earth for whose use ? *Pride* answers, " 'Tis for mine :
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
 " Suckles each Herb, and swells out ev'ry Flow'r ; 130
 " Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew
 " The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew ;
 " For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings,
 " For me, Health gushes from a thousand Springs ;
 " Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise ; 135
 " My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
 From burning Suns when livid Deaths descend,
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests sweep
 Towns to one Grave, and Nations to the Deep ? 140
 " No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral* Laws ;
 " Th' Exceptions few ; some Change since all began
 " And what created, perfect ?"—Why then Man ?

If the *great End* be human Happiness, 145
 And Nature deviates, how can Man do less ?
 As much that End a constant Course requires
 Of Show'rs and Sunshine, as of Man's Desires ;
 As much eternal Springs and cloudless Skies,
 As Men for ever temp'rate, calm and wise. 150

If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heaven's Design,
 Why then a *Borgia* or a *Catiline* ?
 From *Pride*, from *Pride*, our very Reas'ning springs ;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral Things ;

Why

Epist. I. E S S A Y O N M A N .

11

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit? 155
In both to reason right, is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here;
That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind;
That never Passion discompos'd the Mind. 160
But all subsists by Elemental Strife;
And Passions are the Elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, since the Whole began,
Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*,

What would this Man? now upward will he soar, 165
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.
Made for his Use all Creatures if he call,
Say what their Use, had he the Pow'rs of all? 170

Nature to these, without Profusion kind,
The proper Organs, proper Pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming Want compensated of course
Here, with Degrees of Swiftneſs, there, of Force;
All in exact Proportion to the State; 175
Nothing to add and nothing to abate.
Each Beast, each Insect, happy in its own,
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all? 180

The Bliss of Man (could Pride that Blessing find),
Is not to think, or act, *beyond* Mankind;
No Pow'rs of Body or of Soul to share,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopical Sight? 185
For this plain Reason, Man is not a Mite:
Say what th' Advantage of so fine an Eye?
T' inspect a Mote, not comprehend the Sky:
Or Touch, so tremblingly alive all o'er?
To smart and agonize at ev'ry Pore : 190
Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain?
To sink oppress'd with Aromatic Pain.

If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,
And stunn'd him with the Musick of the Spheres,
How would he wish, that Heav'n had left him still 195
The whisp'ring Zephir, and the purling Rill?

Who

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample Range extends,
The Scale of sensual, mental Pow'rs ascends: 200
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial Race
From the green Myriads in the peopled Grass!
What Modes of Sight, betwixt each wide Extreme
The Mole's dim Curtain, and the Lynx's Beam:
Of Smell, the headlong Lioness between, 205
And Hound, sagacious on the tainted Green;
Of Hearing, from the Life that fills the Flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal Wood:
The Spider's Touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each Thread, and lives along the Line: 210
In the nice Bee, what Sense so subtly true
From pois'nous Herbs extracts the healing Dew,
How *Instinct* varies! in the groveling Swine,
Compar'd half-reas'ning Elephant with thine.
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Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd;
What thin Partitions Sense from thought divide:
And middle Natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable Line! 220
Without this just *Gradation* could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all those Pow'rs in one?
See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth, 225
All Matter quick, and bursting into Birth.
Above, how high progressive Life may go?
Around, how wide? how deep extend below?
Vast Chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, Angel, Man, 230
Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect! what no Eye can see,
No Glas can reach! from Infinite to Thee,
From thee to Nothing! — On superior Pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
Where, one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the Chain alike.

And

280
All

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see :
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good :
 And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight, 285
 One Truth is clear, "Whatever Is, is Right."



A N

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE II.

K NOW then Thy-self, presume not God to scan ;
 The only Science of Mankind is *Man*.
 Plac'd on this Isthmus of a Middle State,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great :
 With too much Knowledge for the Sceptic Side, 5
 With too much Weakness for a Stoic's Pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
 To deem himself a Part of God, or Beast,
 In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and Reas'ning but to err, 10
 Alike in Ignorance, his Reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much.
 Chaos of Thought and Passion all confus'd,
 Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd :
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15
 Great Lord of all Things ; yet a Prey to all ;
 Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd :
 The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World !
 Go wondrous Creature ! mount where Science guides,
 Go measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides. 20
 Instruct

Epist. II. ESSAY on MAN.

15

Instruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

Go soar with *Plato* to th' empyreal Sphere,
To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair;
Or tread the mazy Round his Follow'rs trod,
And quitting Sense call *Imitating God*.

25

As Eastern Priests in giddy Circles run,
And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun*.

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into Thy-self, and be a Fool!

30

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly Shape,
And show'd a *NEWTON* as we show an *Ape*.

Could He who taught each Planet where to roll, 35
Describe or fix, one Movement of the Soul?

Who mark'd their Points, to rise and to descend,

Explain his own Beginning, or his End?

Alas what Wonder! Man's superior Part

Uncheck'd may rise and climb from Art to Art;

40

But when his own great Work is but begun,

What Reason waves, by Passion is undone,

Two Principles in Human Nature reign;

Self-Love, to urge; and *Reason*, to restrain:

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call:

45

Each works its End, to move, or govern all:

And to their proper Operation still

Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-Love, the Spring of Motion, acts the Soul;

Reason's comparing Balance rules the Whole;

50

Man, but for that, no *Action* could attend,

And but for this, were active to no End.

Fix'd like a Plant on his peculiar Spot,

To draw Nutrition, propagate, and rot;

Or Meteor-like flame lawless through the Void,

55

Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most *Strength* the moving Principle requires,

Active its Task, it prompts, impels, inspires:

Secure and quiet the comparing lies,

Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.

60

Self-Love still stronger, as its Objects nigh;

Reason's at distance and in Prospect lye;

That

That sees immediate Good, by present Sense,
 Reason, the future, and the Consequence;
 Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng, 65
 At best more *watchful* this, but that more *strong*.
 The Action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still *use*, to Reason still *attend*;
 Attention, Habit and Experience gains,
 Each strengthens Reason and Self-Love restrains. 70

Let subtle Schoolmen teach their Friends to fight,
 More studious to divide, than to unite,
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash Dexterity of Wit.
 Wits, just like Fools, at War about a *Name*. 75
 Have full as oft, *no* Meaning, or *the same*.
 Self Love and Reason to one End aspire,
 Pain their Aversion, Pleasure their Desire;
 But greedy that its Object would devour,
 'This taste the Honey, and not wound the Flower. 80
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest Evil, or our greatest Good.

Modes of Self-Love, the *PASSIONS* we may call;
 'Tis real Good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not every Good we can *divide*, 85
 And Reason bids us for *our own* provide;
Passions, tho' *selfish*, if their Means be fair,
 Lift under *Reason*, and deserve her Care:
 'Those that *imparted*, court a nobler Aim,
 Exalt their Kind, and take some *Virtue's* Name. 90

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their Virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a Frost,
 Contracted all, retiring to the Breast;
 But Strength of Mind is *Exercise*, not *Rest*;
 The rising Tempest puts in act the Soul, 95
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the Whole.
 On Life's vast Ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the Card, but Passion is the Gale:
 Nor God alone in the still Calm we find!
 He mounts the Storm, and *walks upon the Wind*. 100

Passions like Elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet mix'd and soften'd, in His Work unite:
 These, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ*,
 But what composes Man can Man *destroy*?

Suffice

Epist. II. ESSAY on MAN. 17

Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's Road, 105
Subject, compound them, follow her, and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain;
These mix'd with Art, and to due Bounds confin'd,
Make, and Maintain, the Balance of the Mind: 110
The Lights and Shades, whose well accorded Strife
Gives all the *Strength* and *Colour* of our Life.

Pleasures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,
And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise;
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115
The whole Employ of Body and of Mind.

All spread their Charms, but charm not all *alike*;
On different Senses different Objects strike:
Hence different Passions more or less inflame,
As strong, or weak, the Organs of the Frame; 120
And hence one *Master Passion*, in the Breast,
Like *Aaron's* Serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man perhaps the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death,
The young Disease that must subdue at length, 125
Grows with his Growth and strengthens with his Strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Disease, its *ruling Passion* came:
Each vital Humour which should feed the *Whole*,
Soon flows to *this*, in Body and in Soul; 130
Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,
As the Mind opens, and its Functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous Art,
And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

Nature its Mother, *Habit* is its Nurse; 135
Wit, *Spirit*, *Faculties*, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
As Heav'n's blest Beam turns Vinegar more sow'r;
We, wretched Subjects, tho' to lawful Sway,
In this weak *Queen*, some Fav'rite still obey. 140

Ah! if she lend not Arms, as well as Rules,
What can she more than *tell us* we are Fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp *Accuser*, but a helpless *Friend*!
Or from a *Judge* turn *Pleader*, to persuade 145
The Choice we make, or justify it made;

Proud

Proud of an easy Conquest all along,
 She but removes weak Passions for the strong;
 So, when small Humours gather to a Gout,
 The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.

150

Yes, Nature's Road must ever be preferr'd;
 Reason is here no *Guide*, but still a *Guard*;
 'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
 And treat this Passion more as Friend than Foe:
 Like varying Winds, by *other* Passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain Coast,
 Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold, or Glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of Ease:
 Thro' Life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at Life's Expence;
 The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence,
 The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride,
 And all alike, find Reason on their Side.

155

160

Th' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,
 Grafts on this Passion our *best Principle*:
 'Tis thus, the Mercury of Man is fix'd:
 Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd;
 The Dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one Int'rest *Body* acts with *Mind*.

165

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's Care,
 On *Savage Stocks* inserted, learn to bear;
 The surest Virtue's thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's Vigour working at the Root.
 What Crops of Wit and Honesty appear,
 From Spleen, from Obstinacy, Hate, or Fear!
 See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude supply;
 Ev'n Av'rice, Prudence; Sloth, Philosophy;
 Envy, to which th' ignoble Mind's a Slave.
 Is Emulation in the Learn'd or Brave:
 Nor Virtue, Male or Female, can we name,
 But what or grows on *Pride*, or grows on *Shame*.

170

175

180

Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our Pride)
 The Virtue nearest to our Vice ally'd;
 Reason the Byas turns to Good from Ill,
 And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.
 The fiery Soul abhor'd in *Cataline*,
 In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.
 The same Ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a Patriot as it makes a Knave.

185

This

Epist. II. ESSAY ON MAN.

19

This *Light* and *Darkness* in our Chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The *God* within the *Mind*. 190

150 Tho' each by turns the other's Bound invade,
As in some well-wrought Picture *Light* and *Shade*,
And oft so mix, the Difference is too nice,
Where ends the *Virtue*, or begins the *Vice* :
Fools ! who from hence into the Notion fall, 195
That *Vice* or *Virtue* there is none at all.

155 If white and black, blend, soften, and unite
A thousand Ways, is there no black and white ?
Ask your *own Heart*, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to *mistake* them, costs the *Time* and *Pain*. 200

160 Vice is a Monster of so frightful Mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too *oft*, familiar with her Face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace
A *Cheat* ! a *Whore* ! who starts not at the Name, 205
In all the Inns of Court, or *Drury-Lane* ?
But where the *Point of Vice*, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the *North* ? at *York* 'tis on the *Tweed* :
In *Scotland* at the *Orcades*, and there
At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, or the Lord knows where. 210
No Creature owns it, in the first Degree,
But thinks his Neighbour farther gone than he.
170 Ev'n those who dwell beneath her very Zone,
Or never feel the Rage, or never own ;
What happier Natures shrink at with Affright, 215
The hard Inhabitant contends his Right.

175 Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree :
The Rogue and Fool, by Fits, is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by Fits, what they despise. 220
'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,
For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it still ;
Each Individual seeks a sev'ral Gole ;
But HEAV'N's great View is *One*, and that the WHOLE ;
That counter-works each Folly and Caprice ; 225
That disappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice.
185 That happy Frailties to all Ranks apply'd,
Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron *Pride*,
Fear to the Statesman, *Rashness* to the Chief,
To Kings *Presumption*, and to Crowds *Belief*. 230

That

That Virtue's Ends from *Vanity* can raise,
Which seeks no Int'rest, no Reward but Praise.
And builds on *Wants*, and on *Defects* of Mind,
The *Joy*, the *Peace*, the *Glory*, of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend, 235

A Master, or a Servant, or a Friend,
Bids each on other for Assistance call,
'Till one Man's Weakness grows the Strength of all.
Wants, Frailties, Passions, closer still allye
The common Int'rest, or endear the Tye: 240

To *these* we owe true Friendship, Love sincere,
Each home-felt Joy that Life inherits here!
Yet from the same we learn, in its Decline,
Those Joys, those Loves, those Int'rests to resign!
Taught half by Reason, half by mere Decay, 245
To welcome Death, and calmy pass away.

Whate'er the *Passion*, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.
The Learn'd are happy, Nature to explore;
The Fool is happy, that he knows no more; 250
The Rich are happy in the Plenty given;
The Poor contents him with the Care of Heaven.
See the Blind-Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King,
The starving Chymist in his golden Views 255
Supremely blest, the Poet in his Muse.

See! some strange *Comfort*, ev'ry *State* attend.
And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common Friend;
See! some fit *Passion* ev'ry *Age* supply,
Hope travels thro',—nor quits us when we die. 260

'Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying Rays
Those painted Clouds that beautify our Days;
Each Want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each Vacuity of Sense by Pride.

These build up all that Knowledge can destroy. 265
In Folly's Cup still laughs the Bubble, *Joy*;
One Prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a *Vanity* is giv'n in vain;
Even mean *Self-Love* becomes by Force divine,
The Scale to measure others Wants by thine. 270

See! and confess, one Comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.



A N

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE III.

LEARN Dulness, learn! “ *The Universal Cause*
“ Acts to *one End*, but acts, by various *Laws*. ”
In all the Madness of superfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
Let that great Truth be present Night and Day; 5
But most be present, if thou *preach*, or *pray*.

View thy own World: Behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, lifeless Matter moving to one End,
The single Atoms each to other tend; 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in Place,
By Nature form'd its *Neighbour* to embrace.
Behold it next with various Life endu'd,
Press to one Centre still, the *Gen'ral Good*.
See, dying Vegetables Life sustain, 15
See, Life dissolving vegetate again.
All Forms that perish other Forms supply,
By Turns they catch the vital Breath, and die;
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to the Sea return. 20
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to Whole:
One All-extending, All-preserving Soul
Connects each Being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in Aid of Man, and Man of Beast:
Each serv'd and serving; nothing stands alone; 25
The Chain holds on, and *where* it ends unknown.

Has God, thou Fool! work'd solely for thy Good,
Thy Joy, thy Pastime, thy Attire, thy Food?
Who

Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the Flow'ry Lawn. 30
 It is for thee the Lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings,
 It is for thee the Linnet pours his Throat?
 Loves of his own, and Raptures swell the Note.
 The bounding Steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his Lord the Pleasure and the Pride.
 Is thine alone the Seed that strows the Plain?
 The Birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their Grain.
 Thine the full Harvest of the Golden Year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving Steer. 40
 The Hog that plows not, nor obeys thy Call,
 Lives on the Labours of this Lord of All.
 Know, Nature's Children all divide her Care;
 The Furr that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
 While Man exclaims, see all Things for my Use! 45
 See Man for mine, replies a pamper'd Goose:
 What Care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
 All this he knew, but not that 'twas to eat him.
 As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right,
 But as to Man, mistook the Matter quite: 50
 And just as short of Reason, Man will fall,
 Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.
 Grant, that the Pow'rful still the Weak controul,
 Be Man the *Wit* and *Tyrant* of the Whole.
 NATURE that Tyrant checks; he only knows 55
 And feels, another Creature's Wants and Woes.
 Say, will the Faulcon stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying Plumage, spare the Dove?
 Admires the Jay the Insect's gliding Wings,
 Or hears the Hawk, when *Philomela* sings? 60
 Man cares for all: To Birds he gives his Woods,
 To Beasts his Pastures, and to Fish his Floods,
 For some, his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more, his Pleasure; yet for more, his Pride:
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy 65
 Th' extensive Blessing of his Luxury.
 That very Life his learned Hunger craves
 He saves from Famine, from the Savage saves:
 Nay, feasts the Animal he dooms his Feast,
 And 'till he ends the Being, makes it blest.

Epist. III. E S S A Y on M A N.

23

The favour'd Man, by Touch *Ætherial* slain,
Not less foresees the Stroke, or feels the Pain.
The Creature had his Feast of Life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy Feast is o'er!

To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend, 75
Gives not the useless Knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with such a View,
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.
The Hour conceal'd, and so remote the Fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80
Great standing Miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking Thing, this Turn of Mind.

Whether with *Reason*, or with *Instinct* blest,
Know, all enjoy that Power which *suits 'em best*.
To Bliss, alike, by that Direction tend, 85
And find the Means proportion'd to their End.
Say, where full *Instinct* is th' unerring Guide,
What *Pope* or *Council* can they need beside?
Reason however able, cool at best,
Cares not for Service, or but serves when prest; 90
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest *Instinct* comes a Volunteer.

This too serves *always*, Reason never *long*;
One *must* go right, the other *may* go wrong.
See then the *acting* and *comparing* Pow'rs, 95
One in their Nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er *Instinct*, as you can;
In this, 'tis *God* directs, in that 'tis *Man*.

Who taught the Nations of the Field and Wood,
To shun their Poison, and to chuse their Food? 100
Prescient, the Tydes or Tempests to withstand,
Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
Who made the Spider Parallels design,
Sure as *De Moivre*, without Rule or Line?
Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore 105
Heav'ns not his own, and Worlds unknown before?
Who calls the Council, states the certain Day,
Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the Way?

GOD, in the Nature of each Being, sounds
Its proper Bliss, and sets its proper Bounds: 110
But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the Whole to bless
On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happiness*:

So

So from the first, Eternal ORDER ran,
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
 Whate'er of Life all-quickenning *Æther* keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' Air, or shoots beneath the Deeps,
 Or pours profuse on Earth: one Nature feeds
 The *vital Flame*, and swells the *genial Seeds*.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
 Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood, 120
 Each loves *Itself*, but not itself *alone*,
 Each Sex desires alike, till *two* are *one*:
 Nor ends the Pleasure with the fierce Embrace;
 All love themselves, a third Time in their *Race*.
 The Beast, the Bird, their common Charge attend, 125
 The Mothers nurse it, and the Sires defend;
 The Young dismiss'd, to wander Earth or Air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the Care,
 The Link dissolves, each seek a fresh Embrace,
 Another Love succeeds, another Race. 130
 A longer Care Man's helpless Kind demands;
 That longer Care contracts more lasting Bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the Ties improve,
 At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love:
 With *Choice* we fix, with *Sympathy* we burn, 135
 Each *Virtue* in each *Passion* takes its Turn;
 And still new Needs, new Helps, new Habits rise,
 That graft Benevolence on Charities,
 From private Sparkles raise the gen'ral Flame,
 And bid Self-Love and Social be the same, 140
 Thus as *one* Brood, and as *another* rose,
 These *nat'ral* Love maintain'd, *habitual* those;
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless Him from whom their Life began.
 Mem'ry and Forecast just Returns engage, 145
 That pointed back to *Youth*, this on to *Age*,
 While *Pleasure*, *Gratitude* and *Hope*, combin'd,
 Still spread the Int'rest, and preserv'd the Kind.
 Nor think in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
 The State of NATURE was the *Reign of GOD*: 150
 Self-Love and Social at her Birth began,
 UNION, the Bond of all Things, and of Man.
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with Beast, joint Tenant of the Shade;

The

Epist. III. ESSAY ON MAN. 25

The same his Table, and the same his Bed, 155

No Murder cloath'd him, and no Murder fed,

In the same Temple, the resounding Wood,

All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God :

'Tne Shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest : 160

Heav'n's Attribute was universal Care,
And Man's Perogative to rule, but spare.

Ah how unlike the Man of Times to come !

Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb ;

Who, Foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral Groan, 165

Murders their Species, and betrays his own.

But just Disease to Luxury succeeds,

And ev'ry Death its own Avenger breeds ;

The Fury-Passions from that Blood began,

And turn'd on Man a fiercer Savage, Man. 170

See him from *Nature* rising slow to *Art* !

To copy *Instinct*, then, was *Reason's* Part ;

Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake——

" Go ! from the Creatures thy Instructions take ;

" Learn from the Birds what Food the Thickets yield ; 170

" Learn from the Beasts the Physick of the Field :

" Thy Arts of Building from the Bee receive ;

" Learn of the Mole to Plow, the Worm to Weave ;

" Learn of the little * Nautilus to sail,

" Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale. 180

" Here two all Forms of social Union, find,

" And hence her Reason, late instruct Mankind :

" Here Subterranean Works and Cities see,

" There Towns Aerial on the waving Tree.

" Learn each small People's Genius, Policies ; 185

" The Ants Republic, and the Realm of Bees ;

" How those in common all their Stores bestow,

" And Anarchy without Confusion know,

" And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,

" Their sep'rate Cells and Properties maintain. 190

" Mark what unvary'd Laws preserve their State ;

" Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate,

" In vain thy Reason finer Webs shall draw,

" Entangle Justice in her Net of Law.

* Vide Oppian Halieut. Lib. I.

" And

" *And Right too rigid barden into Wrong,* 195
 " *Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too strong,*
 " *Yet Go! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway,*
 " *Thus let the Wiser make the rest obey,*
 " *Who for those Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,*
 " *As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore."* 200
 Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made:
 Here rose one little *State*: Another near
 Grew by like Means, and join'd, thro' *Love* or *Fear*.
 Did here the Trees with ruddier Burdens bend, 205
 And there the Streams in purer Rills descend?
 What *War* could ravish, *Commerce* could bestow,
 And he return'd a Friend, who came a Foe.
 Thus *States* were form'd; the Name of *King* unknown,
 'Till common Int'rest plac'd the Sway in One. 210
 Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
 Diffusing Blessings, or averting Harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.
 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate, 215
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing State:
 On him their second Providence they hung,
 Their Law, his Eye; their Oracle, his Tongue,
 He, from the wand'ring Furrow call'd their Food,
 Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood, 220
 Draw forth the Monsters of the Abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' Aerial Eagle to the Ground.
 Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man.
 Then, looking up from Sire to Sire explor'd 225
 One Great, First Father, and that first Ador'd.
 Or plain Tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
 The Workman from the Work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never sought but One: 230
 E'er Wit oblique had broke that steady Light.
 Man, like the Maker; saw, that all was right,
 To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father, when he own'd a God.
 LOVE all the Faith, and all the Allegiance then; 235
 For Nature knew no Right Divine in Men,

Epist. III. ESSAY on MAN.

27

No *Ill* could fear in *God*; and understood
A *Sovereign Being*, but a *Sovereign Good*.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
'That was but *Love of God*, and this of *Man*. 240

Who first taught Souls enslav'd, and Realms undone
Th' enormous Faith of *Many made for one*?
That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
T' invert the World, and counter-work its *Cause*?
Force first made *Conquest*, and the Conquest, *Law*; 245
Till *Superstition* taught the Tyrant Awe,
Then snar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid.
And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects made;
She, midst the Light'ning's Blaze and Thunder's Sound,
When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
Ground, 250

She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.
She, from the rending Earth and bursting Skies,
Saw *Gods* descend, and *Fiends* infernal rise,
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest Abodes; 255
Fear made her Devils and weak *Hope* her Gods:
Gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust:
Such as the Souls of *Cowards* might conceive,
And form'd like *Tyrants*, *Tyrants* would believe. 260
Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
And *Hell* was built on *Spite*, and *Heav'n* on *Pride*,
Then sacred seem'd th' *Ætherial Vault* no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:
Then first the *Flamen* tasted living Food; 265
Next his grim Idol smear'd with human Blood;
With *Heav'n's* own *Thunders* shook the World below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

So drives *Self-Love*, thro' Just, and thro' Unjust,
To *One Man's* Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Lust; 270
The same *Self-Love*, in *All*, becomes the Cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one Will, when many Wills rebel?
How shall we keep what sleeping or awake 275
A Weaker may Surprise, a stronger take?

His

His *Safety* must his *Liberty* restrain ;
All join to guard what *each* desires to gain.
 Fore'd into *Virtue* thus by *Self Defence*,
 Ev'n *Kings* learn'd *Justice* and *Benevolence* : 280
 Self-Love forsook the *Path* it first pursu'd,
 And found the *private*, in the *publick* Good.

'Twas then, the studious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
 Follow'r of God, or Friend of human Kind,
 Poet, or Patriot, rose, but to restore 285
 The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before;
 Re-lumn'd her ancient Light, nor kindled new;
 If not God's *Image*, yet his *Shadow* drew ;
 Taught Pow'rs due Use to *People* and to *Kings*,
 Taught, not to slack, nor strain, its tender Strings; 290
 The *Less*, and *Greater*, set so justly true ;
 That touching *one*, must strike the other too,
 And jarring Int'rests of themselves create
 The according Musick of a *well-mix'd State*.
 Such is the *WORLD's great Harmony*, that springs 295
 From *Union*. *Order*, full *Consent* of *Things* !
 Where Small and Great, where Weak and Mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
 More *pow'rful* each, as *needful* to the rest,
 And in *Proportion* as it blesses, blest, 300
 Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
 For *Forms* of *Government* let Fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administred, is best :
 For *Modes* of *Faith* let graceless Zealots fight ; 305
 His can't be wrong whose *Life* is in the right.
 All must be false that thwart this *One great End*,
 And all of God, that *bless* Mankind, or *mend*.

Man, like the gen'rous Vine, supported lives,
 The *Strength* he gains is from th' *Embrace* he gives. 310
 On their *own Axis* as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once their Circle round the *Sun* :
 So two consistent *Motions* act the Soul,
 And one regards *Itself*, and one the *Whole*.
 Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame. 315
 And bade *Self-Love* and *Social* be the same.



A N

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our Being's End and Aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
Name:

That Something still, which prompts th' eternal Sigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the Fool—and Wise.
Plant of Cælestial Seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal Soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some Court's propitious Shine,
Or deep with Diamonds in the flaming Mine, 10
'Twin'd with the Wreaths *Parnassian* Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the Field?
Where grows—where grows it not?—If vain our Toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no Spot is Happiness sincere; 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, *Lelius!* dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun Mankind: 20
Some place the Bliss in Action, some in Ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
One grants his Pleasure is but Rest from Pain, 25
One doubts of All, one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

Take

Take *Nature's* Path, and mad Opinion's Leave,
 All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;
 Obvious her Goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well! 30
 And mourn our various Portions as we please,
 Equal is *common Sense*, and *common Ease*.

Remember Man! "the Universal Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws;" 35
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the Good of one, but all.
 There's not a Blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with Pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfy'd; 40
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;
 Each has his Share, and who would more obtain 45
 Shall find, the Pleasure pays not half the Pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are *happier*, shocks all common Sense. 50
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess
 If all are equal in their Happiness:
 But mutual Wants this Happiness increase,
 All Natures Difference keeps all Nature's Peace.
 Condition, Circumstance is not the Thing: 55
Bliss is the same, in Subject or in King;
 In who obtain Defence, or who defend;
 In him who is, or him who finds, a Friend.
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry Member of the Whole,
 One common Blessing, as one common Soul: 60
 But Fortune's Gifts, if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
 God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose, 65
 And these be call'd unhappy, happy those;
 But Heav'n's just Balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:

Not

Epist. IV. ESSAY on MAN. 31

Not present Good or Ill, the Joy or Curse,
But future Views, of Better, or of Worse. 70

Oh, Sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise
By Mountains pil'd on Mountains, to the Skies?
Heav'n still with Laughter the vain Toil surveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raise.

Know, all the Good that Individuals find, 75
Or God and Nature meant to meer Mankind,
Reason's whole Pleasures, all the Joys of Sense,
Lie in three Words, *Health, Peace, and Competence.*

But Health consists with Temperance alone,
And Peace, fair Virtue! Peace is all thy own; 80

The Gifts of Fortune Good or Bad may gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in Pursuit of Profit or Delight,
Who risque the most, that take wrong Means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst 85

Which meets Contempt, or which Compassion first?
Count all th' Advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains;
And grant the Bad what Happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for Good. 90

Oh, blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe:

Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
Best knows his Blessing, and will most be blest.
But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call, 95
For Ills or Accidents that chance to *All*.

See FALKLAND falls the Virtuous and the Just!
See God-like TURENNE prostrate on the Dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial Strife!
Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of Life? 100

Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the Grave?

Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of Days and Honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew *Marseilles* good Bishop purer Breath, 105
When Nature sicken'd, and each Gale was Death?

Or why so long (in Life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor and Me?

What makes all Physical or Moral Ill?

There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will. 110
God

God sends not Ill 'tis Nature lets it fall,
 Or Chance escape, and Man improves it all:
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous *Abel* was destroy'd by *Cain*,
 As that the virtuous Son is ill at Ease. 115
 When his lewd Father gave the dire Disease.
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th'Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his Laws?

Shall burning *Aetna*, if a Sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recal her Fires? 120
 On Air or Sea new Motions be impress'd,
 O blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy Breast?
 When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall Gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old Temple nodding to its Fall. 125
 For *Chartres* Head reserve the hanging Wall?

But still this World (so fitted for the Knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?
 A Kingdom of the Just then let it be;
 But first consider how those Just agree? 130
 The Good must merit God's peculiar Care;
 But who, but God, can tell us, who they are?
 One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own Spirit sell,
 Another deems him Instrument of Hell;
 If *Calvin* feel Heav'n's Blessing, or its Rod, 135
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one Part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one System can they all be blest.
 Give each a System, all must be at strife;
 What diff'rent Systems for a Man and Wife? 140
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.

"Whatever is, is right."—This World 'tis true,
 Was made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too:
 And which more blest? who chain'd his Country, say,
 Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a Day? 146

"But some times Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
 What then? is the Reward of Virtue, Bread?
 That, Vice may merit? 'tis the Price of Toil:
 The Knave deserves it, when he tills the Soil; 150
 The Knave deserves it when he tempts the Main,
 Where Madness fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.

The

The good Man may be weak, be indolent,

Nor is his Claim to Plenty, but Content.

But grant him Riches, your Demand is o'er? 155

"No—shall the Good want Health, the Good want
Pow'r?"

And Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly Thing:

"Why bounded Pow'r; why private? why no King?"

Nay, why external for internal giv'n,

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n? 160

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give:

Immense the Pow'r, immense were the Demand;

Say, at what Patt of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, 165

The Soul's calm Sun-shine, and the Heart-felt Joy,

Is Virtue's Prize: A better would you fix,

And give Humility a Coach and Six?

Justice a Conqu'rors Sword, or Truth a Gown,

Or Publick Spirit, its great Cure, a Crown? 170

Rewards that either would to Virtue bring

No Joy, or be destructive of the Thing.

How oft by these at Sixty are undone,

The Virtues of a Saint at Twenty-one!

For *Riches*, can they give but to the Just, 175

His own Contentment, or another's Trust?

Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold,

Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,

The Lover, and the Love, of Human Kind, 180

Whose Life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear;

Because he wants a thousand Pounds a Year!

Honour and *Shame* from no Condition rise;

Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.

Fortune in Men has some small Difference made, 185

One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade:

The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,

The Friar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry) than Crown and Cowl?"

I'll tell you, Friend; a Wise Man and a Fool. 190

You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,

Or Courtier like, the Parson will be drunk;

Worth

Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow;
The rest, is all but Leather, or Prunella.

Stuck o'er with *Titles*, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings. 196
Thy boasted Blood, a thousand Years or so,
May from *Lucretia*, to *Lucretia* flow:

But by your Father's Worth, if yours you rate,
Count me those only who are good and great. 200

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble Blood,
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Nor own your Fathers have been Fools so long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards? 205
Alas! not all the Blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on *Greatness*, say where *Greatness* lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wise!"
Heroes are much the same, the Point's agreed,
From *Macedonia's* Madman to the *Swede*: 210

The whole strange Purpose of their Lives, to find,
Or make, an Enemy of all Mankind:
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward, further than his Nose.
No less alike the Politick and Wise, 215

All fly slow Things, with circumspective Eyes:
Men in their loose, unguarded Hours they take,
Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can *conquer*, these can *cheat*,
'Tis Phrase absurd to call a Villain *great*. 220

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but *the more* a Fool, *the more* a Knave.
Who noble Ends, by noble Means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in Exile, or in Chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign or bleed, 225
Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

What's *Fame*? that fancy'd Life in others Breath!
A Thing beyond us, ev'n before our Death.
Just what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown,
The same (my Lord) is *Tully's*, or your own. 200

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small Circle of our Foes or Friends,
To all beside, as much an empty Shade,
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead.

Alike,

Alike, or when or where, they shone or shine, 235
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rbine*.

A Wit's a *Feather*, and a Chief a *Rod*;
An honest Man's the noblest Work of God:
Fame but from Death a Villain's Name can save,
As Justice tears his Body from the Grave; 240
When what t' Oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half Mankind.

All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,
Plays round the Head, but comes not to the Heart.
One self-approving Hour whole Years out-weighs 245
Of stupid Starers, and of loud Huzza's;
And more true Joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæsar* with a Senate at his Heels.

In *Parts* superior what Advantage lies!
Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise? 253
'Tis but to know, how little can be known,
To see all other Faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in Business, or in Arts, to drudge
Without a Second, or without a Judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking Land? 255
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful Preheminence! yourself to view.
Above Life's Weakness, and its Comfort too.

Bring then these Blessings to a strict Account,
Make fair Deductions, see to what they mount? 260
How much of other each is sure to cost?
How each for other oft is wholly lost?
How inconsistent greater Goods with these?
How sometimes Life is risqu'd, and always Ease?
Think, and if still the *Things* thy Envy call, 265
Say, would'st thou be the *Man* to whom they fall?
To sigh for Ribbands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
Is yellow Dirt the Passion of thy Life?

Look but on *Gripos*, or on *Gripos'* Wife. 270
If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of Mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlasting Fame!
If all, united, thy Ambition call, 275
From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.

There,

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false Scale of Happiness compleat!
 In Hearts of Kings, or Arms of Queens who lay,
 (How happy!) those to ruin, these betray; 280
 Mark by what wretched Steps their Glory grows,
 From Dirt and Sea-weed as proud *Venice* rose;
 In each, how Guilt and Greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man.
 Now *Europe's* Lawrels on their Brows behold, 285
 But stain'd for Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold:
 Then see them broke with Toils, or lost in Ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
 Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no Act of Fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from Shame! 290
 What greater Bliss attends their Close of Life?
 Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
 The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade,
 And haunt their Slumbers in the pompous Shade.
 Alas! not dazled with their Noon-tide Ray, 295
 Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day:
 The whole amount of that enormous Fame,
 A Tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame!

Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
 VIRTUE alone is Happiness below: 300
 The only Point where human Bliss stands still,
 And tastes the Good, without the Fall to Ill;
 Where only Merit constant Pay receives,
 Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
 The Joy unequal'd, if its End it gain, 305
 And if it lose, attended with no Pain:
 Without Satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest Mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very Tears. 310
 Good, from each Object, from each Place acquir'd
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one Man's oppress'd,
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
 And where no Wants, no Wishes, can remain, 315
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole Bliss Heav'n could on *all* bestow,
 Which who but feels, can taste; but thinks can know:
 Yet

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Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
 The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find, 320
 Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
 But looks thro' *Nature*, up to *Nature's* GOD;
 Pursues that *Chain* which links th' immense Design,
 Joins Heav'n, and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any Bliss can know 325

But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this Union of the rising *Whole*,
 The first, last Purpose of the human Soul;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN. 330

For him alone, *Hope* leads from Gole to Gole,
 And opens still, and opens, on his Soul,
 Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the Bliss that fills up all the Mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 335
 Hope of known Bliss, and Faith in Bliss unknown?

(Nature, whose Dictates to no other Kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is the Present; she connects in this
 His greatest *Virtue* with his greatest *Bliss*, 340
 At once his own bright Prospect to be blest,
 And strongest Motive to assist the rest.

Self-Love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine:
 Is this too little for the boundless Heart? 345
 Extend it, let thy Enemies have Part:
 Grasp the whole Worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close System of Benevolence.

Happier, as kinder! in whate'er Degree,
 And Height of *Bliss*, but Height of CHARITY. 350

GOD loves from Whole to Parts; but human Soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-Love but serves the virtuous Mind to wake,
 As the small Pebble stirs the peaceful Lake,
 The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds, 355
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His Country next, and next all Human Race;

Wide,

Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the Mind
 Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind; 360
 Earth smiles around, with boundless Bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
 Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 365
 To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends;
 Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise;
 Form'd by thy Converse happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe, 370
 Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 O! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
 Say, shall my little Bark Attendant sail, 375
 Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?
 And shall this Verse to future Age pretend,
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart: 380
 For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's Light:
 Shew'd erring Pride *Whatever Is, is Right*;
 That *Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim*;
 That, true *Self-Love* and *Social* are the same;
 That *Virtue* only makes our *Bliss below*. 385
 And all our *Knowledge is, Ourselves to know*.

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F I N I S.